

(Continued from First Page.)

dirks which they were making every effort to use on my person.

Meanwhile the tempest continued with its original violence, and, in the din of the storm, almost every sound of the desperate conflict was entirely lost.

At length my superhuman efforts began to weary me. I began to grow discouraged, too, seeing little chance of my rescue. My protracted resistance tended also to excite the blackest passions in the breasts of my deadly assailants. They tore at me and cursed and blasphemed in the most terrible manner.

Suddenly I caught my right foot and fell heavily to the ground. The concussion stunned me, and before I regained my feet the outlaws were again pressing me down.

'Kill him!' cried one, as he clutched me by the throat and drew back his arm.

'Cut out his heart, cuss him!' rejoined the other, in a furious tone.

'God have mercy on me,' I inwardly ejaculated, fully expecting to receive my death wound before the expiration of another moment.

The arms of the outlaws were about to descend, carrying death to me—I could not see it, but I instinctively felt that it was so—when the whole scene was suddenly lighted up by the most blinding flash of lightning I ever beheld. Instantaneously with the lightning, the deafening thunder pealed forth. That was all I knew at that time, for instantly I lost all consciousness.

When I recovered my suspended powers, the storm had entirely passed away and the sun was shining brightly. I was lying upon the ground, and felt weak and sore, but otherwise was not injured. Beside me lay the two outlaws, buried in the sleep of death. They had been struck by lightning, and just at the very moment when their hands were uplifted to deprive me of life. The great tree beneath which I had taken refuge was shivered into atoms, and the whole scene was one of death and desolation.

Under such circumstances my own escape seemed miraculous, and I humbly thanked God for His infinite mercy. The lightning had saved me from the outlaws, and the Almighty had saved me from the lightning. I had been doubly preserved.

Strange as it may seem, my horse had not escaped, and, with a full heart, I mounted his back and started on my journey. That night in the wilderness I have never forgotten, nor is it likely I ever shall.

Luck.

The man who marries the prettiest girl of the place is said to be a 'lucky fellow,' and so of him who draws the highest prize in a lottery, or, by some 'fortunate' turn in affairs, clears the gulf between want and wealth in an hour. And yet the histories of all times tell us that with a terrible uniformity and uncertainty the men who become suddenly possessed of unearned millions die in misery.

Within five years a well-to-do farmer drew a quarter of a million of dollars in a prize lottery. The whole country envied him his luck, but he has since died from a style of living induced by his good fortune and his only son has turned out a confirmed drunkard.

The man whose first bet on a race course, whose first deal at the card table, whose first risk at faro, whose maiden lottery ticket, brings money largely into his pockets, is a ruined man at the very instant the world pronounces him 'lucky.' Any man, especially any young man, who starts out in life with the conviction that money can be better made than by earning it, is a lost man—lost already to society, lost to his family, lost to himself.

An alarming large number of the sons of the rich men of New York are at this moment helpless drunkards. Young men are they, many of them of education, of many qualities, of generous nature, honorable and high minded; but the demon of drink has possession of them that a father's breaking heart, a mother's tears and sisters' agony avail not to draw them from their deep damnation. Elegant leisure was their ruin.

The best way to save a child from ruin is to bring him up to 'help father.' Make children feel that they must do something to support the family, to help along; then two feelings arise which are their salvation—those of affection and pride; for we naturally love them whom we help, or those whom we struggle together with for a desired object, and nothing so improves a child as to make him feel that he is of some consequence, that he can do something, and that what he does is appreciated.

A Widow's Invitation.

In former days there dwelt in the brave Corneraker State, in close proximity to each other, a young buxom and wealthy widow and a bachelor of

scarcely her own age. Both had inherited their property, and were comparatively strangers to each other. But their plantations joined, and many were the acts of neighborly kindness that passed between them. Well, as somebody sang to the wretched Widow Macleere, the time arrived when the 'birds go in pairs,' and the widow found that although she had plenty of hen turkeys she had none of the other persuasion, they having mysteriously disappeared. But she knew that her neighbor had plenty of a rare breed, and so sent Sambo over to borrow a couple. In due time he came back with a large gobble under either arm and a broad grin upon his face.

'Well?' asked his mistress.

'Mass said,' was the answer, 'dat he send dem turkeys, and dat if dey didn't answer he'd jest come ober and gobble his own self.'

'Go back and tell him to come,' commanded the widow with cheeks like pomegranates.

The negro did as he was commanded—the bachelor's horse was hitched that night until a late hour at the post in front of the widow's—and there was a wedding within three months.

How to Make a Town.

Encourage every one, especially new men, to come and settle among you, particularly those who are worthy and active, whether they have capital or not. Their laborious one is worth money. Those who have capital will buy lots, build houses, or tear out and remodel the old ones. Go to work and stimulate every legitimate enterprise by giving it all the friendly encouragement you can, or by uniting your industry, influence and capital in the common cause. Cultivate a public spirit, and talk less than you work. Help your neighbor. If he is in danger of breaking down, prop him up in some way, either by kind words, good council, or lift from your pocket-book. If he gets fairly down before you know his situation, set him on his feet again—his misfortune is to be pitied, not blamed—and his talents and labor are worth money, to the community. Besides, it may some day be your turn to need corresponding sympathy. Encourage your local authorities in making public improvements for the good of the town.

Yankee Shrewdness.

'Hallo, there, capt'ing!' said a Brother Jonathan to the captain of a canal packet on the Erie Canal, 'what do you charge for passage?'

'Three cents per mile and boarded,' said the captain.

'Waal, I guess I'll take passage, capt'ing, seeing as how I'm kinder gin out walking so far.'

Accordingly he got on board as the steward was ringing for dinner. Jonathan sat down and began demolishing the 'fixins,' to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleared the table of all that was eatable, when he got up and went on deck, picking his teeth very comfortably.

'How far is it, capt'ing, from here to where I got on board?'

'Nearly one and a half miles,' said the captain.

'Let's see,' said Jonathan, 'that would be just four and a half cents; but never mind capt'ing, I won't be small; here's five cents, which pays my fare to here. I guess I'll go ashore now; I'm kinder rested out.'

A man who had been hired to watch a particularly promising field, and notify the crows that it was against the rules to pick up anything therein, he thought himself how he could make a 'soft thing' of it for himself and at the same time meet the requirements of his contract. Finally, by a beautiful instinct, he hit upon the plan of soaking some corn in whisky and placing it in the field, so that the crows would eat it and get drunk, and thus enable him to have a sure and easy thing of killing them. He had tried the shot gun, but crows smell powder a long way. After soaking some corn over night, he put a good supply in the field next morning, and in two or three hours went out to see how things were progressing. Mark the result: One of the crows, a little larger than the rest, had taken possession of nearly all the corn, had built himself a bar out of some clods of earth, and was retailing the whisky-soaked corn to the other crows, charging them three grains of sprouted for one soaked grain. The man thought the manoeuvre so human that he killed not a crow.

A young man having preached for Dr. Edmonds one day, was anxious to get a word of applause for his labor of love. The grave doctor, however, did not introduce the subject, and his younger brother was obliged to bait the hook for him.

'I hope, sir, I did not weary your people by the length of my sermon to-day.'

'No, sir, not at all; nor by the depth either.'

The young man was silent.

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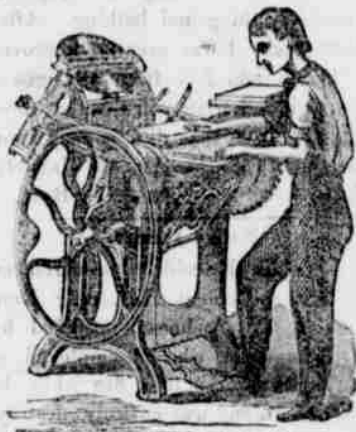
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